AND SABBATH-SCHOOL COMPANION.

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"TURN THE KEY."

In one of the narrow courts lying to the westward of Ludgate Hill, and under the shadow of St. Paul's at sunrise, there lives a man who goes by the somewhat singular cognomen of "Turn the Key." His real name is Matthew Gray; but he only hears it from the lips of his nearest friends and such neighbors as have learned to respect him. I am pleased to say that neither are few nor far between.

By trade he is a wood-engraver. Not one of those delicate-fingered men who so skilfully interpret the artist's work on the wood, and give us those magnificent pieces of modern art which adorn the best works of the day; but a ruder craftsman, employed to engrave advertisement blocks, posters, and the rougher class of this form of labor generally.

He was quick at his work, and having a good connection with some of the larger advertising agents, did remarkably well for several years prior to his marriage and after it. Then the leprosy of drink got hold of him.

He began in his youth, as others do, with his "regular glass" at meals. As time advanced he took one to "moisten his pipe before going to bed." Next he had an occasional glass between, and finally he took so many that food with him became occasional, and drink fearfully and destructively regular.

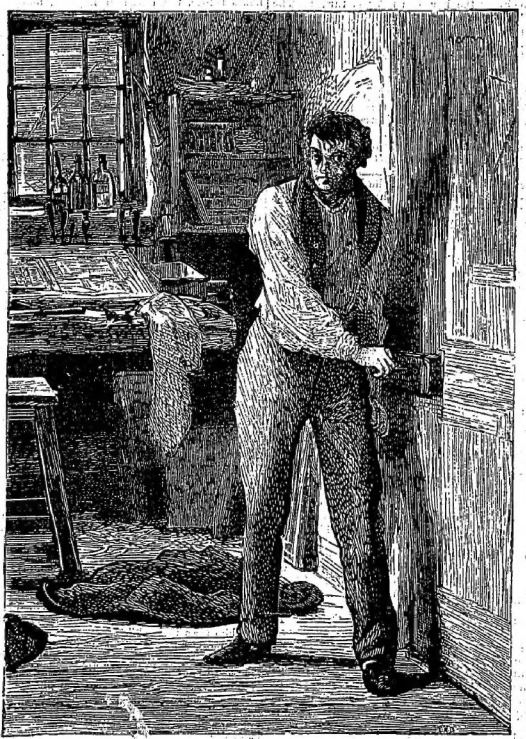
Matthew had fallen—in spite of the tears, pleadings, and remonstrances of an affectionate wife—in spite of the gift of two children, and in defiance of the palpable evil the fatal habit was working in his mind and body. The unnatural thirst, the miserable craving, was ever upon him; work and home ties were alike neglected for the dirty, brawling public-house.

And yet as he fell he struggled against his fall—feebly, no doubt, but still he struggled. In the morning he would rise with fresh resolves to have no more of it, and go sturdily to the attic where he worked, and sitting down upon his stool, put out his pad and arrange his tools. Then came the fatal whisper, "Have one glass—only one; it will freshen you up and carry you through your work of the morning."

He knew the fallacy of that whisper, but he went; and all the morning the light through the window fell upon an empty room and idle tools. Late in the day he would return, maudlin and despairing, and in a slipshod way do part of the work that ought to have been well done hours before.

As usual in such cases, his employers soon learned to distrust him. Unpunctuality, bad work, and the evidence of his failing drove the best of them away, and the rest offered him—what he was obliged to take—less for his labor.

Bound in the fatal chains, moody and despairing, he lived on with his sorrowful wife and children around him. Mrs. Gray was a good woman, and regularly attended a place of worship with her little ones. Her husband, however, had never done so; example and affectionate urgings had alike been thrown away upon him.



"Do give the dreadful drink up, Mat," said his wife one morning. "Pray to God to give you strength, and He will not fail you."

"There's no good in prayer," replied Matthew, moodily. "I've tried my best; but as soon as I get to the bench I'm called away by a voice that is too strong for me."

"It's too strong for many round us," returned his wife. "What good does it do you?"

"None," he said. "I'm not the man I was since I took to it; in fact, I sometimes feel I'm no man at all—I'm a brute."

He sat back in his chair with folded arms, gazing gloomily at his two children, who stood in a corner of the room, whispering to each other fearfully, and wondering why their father frowned so at them. He was not frowning at his children, however. Matthew had fallen, but he had not yet acquired the ferocity which drink gives to some men. He had no desire to maltreat the offspring God had given him.

They were pretty children a girl and a boy, respectively four and five years of age. The boy was the elder, and a most intelligent little fellow. His wistful blue eyes unconsciously shot keen arrows of reproach at his unhappy father as he looked at him that day.

"Jane, I can't stand it!" said Matthew Gray, rising hurriedly. "If things go on as they are, I shall kill myself."

"Don't talk so wickedly, Mat," said Jane, laying her hands upon his shoulders. "Your life was given for you to use for the glory of God. It is not your own to take away."

"And of what use is my life to me, or to any one?" he asked.

"It would be of use to many, and a blessing to us," replied his wife, "if you gave up drink."

"Ay! there it is," rejoined Matthew. "I wish I could give it up. And if I could only feel always as I do now it could easily be done; but I know as soon as I try to settle to my bench I shall have a thirst upon me, and out I shall go."

"If I sat with you, Mat," she said, "do you think you could overcome it?"

"I'll try, Jane; but I've doubts of it."

They went up stairs together, and Matthew began his preparations for his day's work. Business had not entirely fallen away from him, and he had enough to do for that day at least. At first he seemed resolute, and drew up his tools and sat down. He took a graving tool in his hand and paused. Jane saw what was coming, and put herself between him and the door.

"It's coming on me," he said, hoarsely; "I must have one glass."

"No, no," she cried; "keep here—for one morning, Mat. It may break the chains, and with God's help they shall never be round you again."

"I can't begin without something," he said, rising. "I'm all to pieces; I have no strength. Let me go; I'll come back surely when I've had one glass."

"No, Mat, it can't be," cried Jane.

"I shall break past you," he said, advancing, "and be gone, unless—" he paused, as if some great thought had been suddenly given him—"unless you turn the key."

In a moment it was done. Jane, inspired with a new hope, closed the door, turned it

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key, and put it into her pocket. "Now, Mat," she said, "I'll not let you have it. If you want it you must take it by force."

He sat down again trembling. The temptation to do so was upon him. For an instant the horrible idea trembled in the balance. His wife understood all. "O merciful Father!" she murmured, "spare him, for our blessed Redeemer's sake." The prayer was breathed and the answer came. Matthew Gray turned, and resting his elbows upon the bench, buried his face in his hands. Great drops of perspiration fell from his brow.

Jane said nothing to him then. Nor when he suddenly began his labors did she speak. A good half-hour had elapsed before a word passed between them.

"Jane," he said suddenly, "I nearly did it."

He did not specify what "it" was, there was no need to do so. Jane, in reply, quietly said, "It was a merciful God who spared you from such a deed."

No reproach, no suggestion as to what her own sufferings would have been, no threat as to what she would have done had he so far forgotten his manhood. He drew his hand across his eyes and came over and kissed her.

"Jane," he said, "the thirst is leaving me. You shall come up every morning and turn the key."

"So I will, Mat," she replied, "until you can turn it yourself."

"I fear that it will be many a day before I do that," he answered sadly.

"If you will listen to me," Jane replied, "you shall do it to-morrow."

He looked at her incredulously; but she met his look with a hopeful smile. "Mat," she said, "it was prayer that saved you from striking me just now. Indeed, it was that, and nothing else. If you doubt me, kneel down now, and see what strength will come of it."

"But I can't pray," he said; "I haven't done such a thing since I was a boy. I don't know a prayer. I've near forgot even that which I learnt at my mother's knee."

"Kneel," she said—"be earnest; give yourself up to thoughts of your Saviour and your God, and power to pray will come."

He still hesitated, for it is not easy for most men to yield at once to their better instincts or to the promptings of the Holy Spirit. Years of indifference to the truths of religion are employed by the enemy of man in building strong outworks around him. But they vanish into thin air if the man himself but yields. Happily, Matthew Gray cast down the breastworks of pride and indifference, and yielded.

Husband and wife were in that room for two hours together. God heard their prayers. The little children were called up to play in the "shop," as Matthew called his attic. They came wonderingly, and the boy on entering put a question which was unconsciously another arrow.

"Isn't father going out to day?"

"Oh no," replied his mother; "father is going to work, and you must play quietly in the corner."

"I am so glad," said the boy; "ain't you, Jenny?"

Jenny lisped her gladness, and they both promised not to disturb their father at work, and Jane went down to her household duties. When she was gone the children experienced yet another surprise. Their father called them over and fondled them. He had never been unkind, but since he had taken to drink, he had not been very demonstrative of affection. The boy, looking up, saw tears in his father's eyes.

"Father," he said, "why are you crying?"

"Don't be afraid, darling," was the reply; "I am crying because I am so happy."

It was new to the boy to learn that there were tears of joy, and he looked somewhat doubtingly; but he was soon convinced of the truth of what his father said by seeing smiles upon a face which for a long time had only worn looks of sorrow and gloomy frowns.

"Oh! I'm so glad," he said, and clapped his little hands.

A great victory had been won; but the strife was not yet over. The cravings for drink are not easily stifled. Matthew Gray felt the direful sinking which follows the use and sudden abandonment of alcohol, and thought he was dying.

"Jane," he said, to his wife, when she brought his dinner upstairs, "I'm dreadfully low. I think I ought to leave it off gradually."

"No, no," she said—"no more drink. Eat your dinner; it will do you more good."

"Turn the key," he said, with a resolution hitherto foreign to him. Jane did so, and he sat down to his meal.

At first he felt as if he could not touch it; but his wife pressed him to eat a little against his will. He did so. Appetite came, and he ate a good meal.

He went out for a walk that evening with his wife and children, and whenever they approached a public-house his face told of the struggle within; but Jane whispered in his ear, "Turn the key," and they went on. He returned home without having fallen into the clutches of his old enemy.

The next morning Jane, ever watchful, was awake and up early, and having put the house to rights, so as to be ready to aid him in what she knew would be another great struggle, aroused Matthew, who awoke and wondered at first why his tongue was not so parched as usual, and why his head was not like a block of wood or stone.

The reason for the change was soon made clear. Husband and wife knelt down and prayed together, at first aloud and then in silence. Next came breakfast, plain but wholesome, and of this Matthew was able to partake with a zest he had not known for two or three years.

"It is a new life," he said, as he arose.

"Now go up to work," said Jane, "and turn the key yourself. You know where to ask for strength to do so. Our Lord and Saviour will not fail you."

He went, and in a few minutes she softly followed, and listened outside the closed door. He was pacing to and fro, and she knew the key was not yet turned. The second struggle was going on. There was a pause, and a soft sound as of one sinking on his knees. The anxious, loving wife, sank down too, and with clasped hands asked in her heart for aid.

A movement within arrested her outpouring; a hasty footstep approached the door, and the key was turned.

The dim, narrow staircase was full of light as she stole softly down. The fight was now over and the victory won. An answer to the prayer of herself and husband had been vouchsafed.

Matthew Gray kept the door locked until his wife came up with his mid-day meal. He was rather pale and quiet, but he was very happy.

"Jane," he said, "God has given me strength. I have turned the key, and I will never touch a drop of the poison again."

"May our merciful Father support you in your resolution," said Jane, to which Matthew responded "Amen."

He was supported, and is supported still. The key was turned upon his bane, and alcohol has never been admitted since. Sober and wiser and happier, Matthew Gray lives in his new home—the same house, but a new home—with a different wife and children, but differing only in their happiness, which came with the resolve of the husband and father.

Matthew turned the key and was not ashamed of it. He spoke of it among his neighbors—not in any boastful spirit, but as a humble acknowledgment of the mercy vouchsafed to him, and points to the change in his abode as a proof of the blessing of that turning.

They may call him "Turn the key," and laughed at him, and he will on his own behalf laugh back again; but he looks sad, too, for their sake. And yet he has cause for rejoicing on the behalf of a few who have wisely followed his example, and "turned the key" upon the fatal habit of drinking.

The public house still thrives. The landlord scarcely missed Matthew Gray and those who have followed his example and teaching. How long are we to wait for the great day when the people generally will "turn the key" upon the curse of our country? Let us all earnestly pray and work, that by God's blessing it may come quickly.—*Friendly Visitor.*

He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.

PROV. 28: 26.

ROSA LEIGHTON.

BY MRS. M. F. MARTIN.

(*National Temperance Society, New York.*)

CHAPTER V.

Rosa's cheerful spirit and her unwavering trust in her Heavenly Father, which caused her always to feel that all things would work together for good if she would but trust Him, would not let her grieve very long over her loss. "Never mind, mamma," said she, as she felt a tear drop on her forehead, "I have Birdie left, and I don't believe he will care; indeed he doesn't use his cage much, and now he can fly around the room all the time if he wants to. But I promised Jennie that I would come to her right early this morning, so I guess I will take my work and sit beside her, and then I won't think about Birdie's cage."

Rosa had not been idle during the years she had lived in Birch's Court. Attracted at first by curiosity, the children of the neighborhood had soon learned to love the gentle little blind girl who passed in and out of the house so quietly, and the rudest of them would stop their boisterous play when she came near, lest in some way they might injure her.

One summer evening, a few weeks after they had moved there, she sat down by herself at the front door to try to breathe a little fresh air, for so close were the houses to each other that it seemed almost impossible for the cool air to reach any of the inmates.

All day the sunshine had been pouring in there, and although the sun had set several hours before, the heat still lingered, and women and children gathered at the doors to catch, if possible, a breath of cool air.

I do not think that any one would have guessed that it was Sunday—the boys were playing marbles before the doors, women were gossiping with their neighbors, some idle, others with their knitting in their hands, and from one house came the constant whir of a sewing-machine, that could not rest one day in seven; for its owner worked for a fashionable dress-maker, who on Saturday evening had given some of her work-girls dresses that must be finished by Monday morning, that they might be worn at a grand wedding that was to take place that day. The men as usual were absent, for their evenings were spent at one or another of the numerous taverns that abounded in that neighborhood.

In the midst of this confusion Rosa sat silent upon the doorstep, thinking of other Sunday evenings, and then her thoughts wandered to her Uncle George, who had made those evenings so pleasant, and as she thought of him, a tear involuntarily started to her eye, and she longed to lean upon his breast, and tell him all her troubles.

Then at once she remembered their conversation on the last evening they were together, and her promise that when she was lonely, and needed him very much, she would remember that he had left her to teach the heathen about that dear Saviour whom she loved so dearly. She thought of his telling her that perhaps God wanted her to be a missionary at home, and lead her father and mother to Jesus. Had she done anything for them? Her mother, she felt sure, had lately learned to love the Saviour. This change had first manifested itself in an increasing interest in their evening readings, and only last evening, before they knelt to pray, she had whispered, "Rosa, darling, pray for me, that God may forgive all my sins for Jesus' sake." Yes, yes. Rosa's heart was full of thankfulness now; she would have had something beside her troubles to tell Uncle George, could she but see him for a little while; she knew that her dear mother had accepted Jesus, and she thought with prayerful joy how all that day she had been singing snatches of some old familiar hymns, and once she had put her arms around her and joyfully whispered:

"Rosa, darling, I know now what is meant by the blood of Jesus Christ cleansing from all sin."

A great joy was in store for Rose too, for her mother had told her that, if possible, they would commence to go to church again—a place to which they had seldom gone since the days of their prosperity. This made Rosa's thoughts turn again to the days that were past; then her father and mother had taken her to the most fashionable church in the city; now when her mother and she went to the mission church in the neighborhood, where would her father be? Her dear, dear father! would he ever be what she hoped and prayed he might be? Yes! she knew he would; she felt as confident that at some time God's Holy Spirit would lead him to Jesus, as she was when she told her uncle that she knew Jesus would cure his headache.

Then the noise and confusion in the court attracted her attention, and the thought arose in her heart that many here seemed as ignorant of the Saviour, as the heathen to whom her uncle was telling the "old, old story," and as she leaned her head upon her hand and breathed a prayer for the father whom she loved so dearly, she also prayed that God would let her do some work for Him here, and teach some of those around her about Jesus.

As if in immediate answer to her prayer, her meditations were disturbed by a shrill, piping voice that seemed to come from the window above her: "I'm so tired and hot, won't somebody come and talk to me? I think it's real mean that you can all be out of doors, and I have to lie here;" and then came a wailing cry, as of some child weakened by disease, and almost in the depths of despair.

No one seemed to heed the little sufferer, so, after waiting a little while, and finding that the crying and moaning still continued, Rosa arose and groped her way through the entry, and up the stairs, pausing at their head, until, guided by the crying, she was enabled to find her way to the door of the room where the sick child lay.

Pausing there, she knocked lightly, and then, when the child, surprised at the appearance of a stranger, stopped crying, she said, "Where are you? I can't see you, but I heard you calling for some one, and as no one answered, I thought you wouldn't mind if I came to you. I am Rosa, and I live down-stairs."

Having thus introduced herself she paused, until, receiving a sobbing invitation to enter, she felt her way into the room, and, still guided by the broken sobs of the little sufferer, reached the bed, and feeling a chair near it, sat down.

"Now," said Rosa, "tell me who you are and what is the mattter."

"I am Jennie, and I'm sick; everybody has left me, and I think they are real hateful," and the crying threatened to begin afresh.

"Why, Jennie, are you very sick? can't you go down-stairs at all?"

"No, I just have to lie here all the time."

"How long have you been sick?"

"Oh, ever so many years. When I was little, just learning to walk alone, I was playing in the street, and a horse ran away and knocked me down, and the carriage went right over me. A police officer picked me up, and carried me to the hospital; but after I had been there a good while the doctors told mother that I would never be any better; so she brought me home, and I have been sick ever since.

"I can't get out of bed unless somebody lifts me, and I get so tired, and my back aches so—oh, dear! oh, dear!"

Rosa felt herself powerless to soothe such grief; she had always imagined that a child who had her eyesight, must have so many things to interest her that she could never grow tired, but here was a little girl, who, although able to see, was obliged to lie there in constant suffering, and her own burden seemed to grow lighter by the contrast.

Laying her hand gently on the sick child's head, she said, "Jennie, where are your father and mother?"

"Oh, mother is talking to some of the women in the court, and father goes off to the tavern every night."

"Does he, Jennie? oh, I am so sorry."

"Well, but he isn't cross to me. He often beats and kicks Jim and Joe, but when he is real drunk he is kind to me."

"Isn't that nice, Jennie, and does he kiss and hug you?" asked Rosa, remembering the caresses of her father, before he had ceased to love her.

"Yes, sometimes, not when he has been drinking though, but in the morning, before he goes to his work, he always takes me in his arms, and carries me up and down the room to rest my back.

"Then I feel better for a little while: but now I am so tired—oh, dear! oh, dear!"

Rosa feared that the crying would commence again, and said soothingly: "Can't I do something for you?"

(*To be Continued.*)

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

A MODEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Some months ago I stood beside a gentleman in a Canadian town, who was trying to change some National bank notes into the current coin of her Majesty's realm. "Your name, sir?" said the money-changer. "F. N. Peloubet." The prompt reply was, "Your 'Notes' pass at par anywhere." It will interest the many readers who use these "Notes" to know the kind of Sunday-school conducted by the man who wrote them....The entire congregation is to be found in the school; and each has his appropriate place. The little ones gather in a room by themselves as the primary department. Those from seven to fourteen years of age form an intermediate department. The largest number, mostly good-sized classes of young men and ladies, assemble in the large vestry; while in an adjoining room is a Bible class, of from seventy to one hundred. These different departments are together in the opening exercises; then by immense sliding doors they are separated for lesson study. While they are gathering, the pastor moves about among the little ones with a greeting for one and another.

By the time the bell strikes, he is beside the superintendent and joins in the opening exercises. Then he is ready to assist in any work in arranging the classes. Next he appears in the Bible class, where his voice is heard asking and answering questions with the rest. This large class is admirably conducted by the pastor's better half, whose name, associated with his in the "Notes," is evidence of her fitness to share with him the work of pastor and teacher. After this, there is perhaps a brief visit to the little children, now varying the exercises with singing. Ten minutes before the general review, he comes into the intermediate department, where all present recite two or three articles of the church creed, with one proof-text for each. There is a brief explanation, then a short recitation on Bible facts better learned at that age than any other, by the aid of blackboard or map; then the doors are opened into the senior department and all unite in the review of the lesson, which the pastor conducts. After this the doors into the Bible-class room are raised, and all unite in singing, after which comes the Lord's Prayer repeated in unison, and the benediction.

But this is not the end. A few minutes later, in another room, the teachers are to be found in earnest prayer. One and another has some special request to make, and some fifteen minutes are filled with earnest petitions. It did not seem unexpected when after an impressive service on a Sunday evening, closing such a day as I have described, a number of young people rose to express a purpose to begin at once to live for Christ, and to ask the prayers of Christians.—*Rev. A. E. Dunning, in Advance.*

TOILING IN ROWING.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.

It was the Sea of Galilee and it was after midnight. The disciples were without their Master and the wind was contrary. The waves threatened their boat, and they seemed to ply their oars in vain. He had parted from them the evening before and gone up to a mountain for retirement and prayer. He had sent away an admiring crowd of people always restive under the Roman yoke, and now ready to raise their cry to him, "Hail, King." The disciples themselves, perhaps, would have joined in the cry. He sent the people to their homes and the disciples he "constrained" to get into the boat and to go to the other side. But it looked as if they would never reach the other side. They seemed to row in vain. But they kept up the "toiling in rowing." It was right for them to be there, for did not he constrain them to embark? Has he forgotten them? No, he saw them toiling and rowing, and in due time and in his own way, he came to cheer them, lay the wind, end their toil, and bring them safely to land.

Let us learn the lesson. There are enterprises in which He has constrained us to embark. But the wind is contrary; the progress is slow; the labor is severe, and He seems to take no notice. It only seems. He is on high, ever living to make intercession, as perhaps He was then doing for a people who wanted a carnal kingdom, and not spiritual freedom. But he sees His disciples toiling in rowing. He will come by-and-by, and over the waves and through the darkness, will be heard the voice, "It is I, be not afraid."

Teachers at home of self-willed children, in Sabbath-schools of thoughtless pupils, with some opposition and little visible success, hold on to your work. Ministers with thinly-attended meetings, and missionary collections so small that it seems hardly worth while to make them, hold on to your efforts, Christians, fired with a true and enlightened patriotism, and indignant at the licensed enemies of all good, at tolerated polygamy, and oppressed Indians, do not abate your efforts one particle. He sees you "toiling in rowing." He constrained you to set out. He will come to you in due time.

Perhaps you need the lessons to be learned in the darkness and among the waves. The disciples had been in a storm before, and Christ with them, so that they had to awaken him and be secure against harm. Now they advance a step. They are to trust and hope, and row and feel secure, even though he is not seen in the boat. They must do without him by-and-by, and "endure as seeing him who is invisible." So he taught them. So he would have you learn. Keep your places; disregard the wind and the waves; heed not the slow progress and the darkness. He sees you toiling in rowing.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A NEW TEACHER.—A TRUE INCIDENT.

It was one Sabbath in the early summer, and the incident occurred in one of the mission schools in one of our large Western cities. One article in the constitution of that Sunday-school read substantially as follows: "No person shall be employed as teacher in this Sunday-school who does not profess saving faith in Christ, and who is not a member in good standing in the ——— church." The school was in a healthy condition under the superintendency of Mr. H——, who was a wide-awake man and a devoted Christian. The school was held in the afternoon, and at the conclusion of the school a teachers' prayer-meeting was held, and for twenty minutes earnest, faithful prayer was offered that God would bless the teaching of his own truth that day.

On the Sabbath above named, after the school was dismissed, and the hush of devotion rested on the little band of devoted teachers, in his opening remarks the superintendent said: "Brother teachers, I have a confession to make and although I have violated one of the articles of our model constitution, I think you will approve of my action after I make the confession. You perhaps noticed me conversing with Miss P——, who is an occasional visitor to our school, but whom we all know to be a worldly person. She made an earnest request to be employed as a teacher in this school. I read the constitution to her, and told her I had no right to employ her; but she pleaded so earnestly a desire to teach that I could not refuse to grant her request. I told her we now had a class for every teacher, but if she would pick up a class from the street I would give her a place in the school-room to teach them. I shall not enroll her name as a teacher until I can do so without a strict violation of the constitution. Let us remember her in our prayers to-day."

So these teachers bowed and entered into the holy of holies, and earnestly besought the Lord in behalf of the unconverted teacher. Miss P—— was a successful teacher in one of the ward schools of the city, and during the next week had secured the pledge of eleven boys—street arabs—to come to her home at two o'clock on the afternoon of the following Sabbath and go with her to Sunday-school, on condition that she was to be their teacher. At the appointed hour eleven boys with their new teacher were at the Sunday-school room, and were assigned three seats near the door. The school passed off as usual that day. The superintendent did not forget to watch, unobserved, the corner where the new teacher was busy with her wild boys, and he was pleased to notice her power to win and hold their attention. Before the school closed he found an opportunity to congratulate her on her success in gathering a class, and her power to hold the attention of such a class of boys as she had.

When the school closed, the new teacher, not knowing that the teachers always tarried for twenty minutes of prayer, went out with her boys (the superintendent wittingly neglected to inform her of the prayer service). And again thirteen teachers earnestly prayed for the new teacher, that God would prepare her heart to teach Christ to those boys she had gathered together.

The next Sabbath the new teacher with her class of eleven boys was on hand, and the superintendent thought he saw a tear glistening on her cheek while she was talking with her boys. Prayer for her was already being answered, and at the close of the school that day she tarried to speak a word with the superintendent, and was surprised to see all the teachers gather in the front seats. Mr. H. saw her embarrassment, and went to where she stood, and invited her to tarry with them for a few moments of prayer. She said, while the tears freely flowed, that she had waited to ask him to pray for her. The record of that twenty minutes' prayer service need not be told. Another soul was made free, another teacher was enrolled in the teachers' book, and another talented and successful worker was added to the army of God's true fellow-laborers.

A twenty minutes' prayer service for the teachers, after the close of the Sunday-school lesson, is a practical and most profitable supplementary service, and cannot fail to be a great blessing to any school.—*International Teacher's Quarterly.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

September 3.—Mark 12: 28-44.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "The widow's mite, on modern missionary ground." (1) Rev. Mr. Browne, of the Harpoot (Turkey) mission, writes: "Never before have I seen a more utterly disheartening state of things, physical, political, economic; yet have I never seen among the different communities such earnestness, such painful self-denial, which in many cases amounts to pure heroism, as during the past year. These people amaze me! They give money till they scrimp themselves in the very necessities of life. They go ragged, and give. They look pinched and hungry, and still give. They go home and hunt up any little superfluous thing, a garment or ornament; and away they go to the market, and sell it, and come and lay it at our feet, lamenting they have no more to give."—*Missionary Herald, August*, 1881. (2) Rev. Mr. Jones, of the Madura mission in India, describes three families in an obscure village in his field, who were trying to live a Christian life, and who brought some money in order to obtain a catechist to preach to them. "They brought it in three little baskets, each about the size of one's fist. Two were full of small coin; and the other one was brought by the helpless leper, and contained only one cent and a half. But looking at his joy as he hobbled toward me and handed it to me, and seeing that he was clothed with only a small cloth which was literally hanging in shreds around his loins, and barely enough to cover his nakedness, the story of the widow and her mite came home to me as it never did before. That widow could not have been more impoverished than this leper is, nor could she have given with more of an apparent abandon than he did. And, as I received the other two baskets, I was very much surprised when I found the contents to be one dollar and a quarter. To appreciate the amount of this you need to remember that the heads of these three families never earn more than ten cents a day each, and that for the whole year they will average no more than five cents a day."—*Missionary Herald, August*, 1881.

PRACTICAL.

1. Ver. 28. Whenever a person can do anything well, it brings him more of the same kind to do.

2. Ver. 30. Love of God with our whole nature is the central power of religion.

3. True love carries all the powers and energies with it.

4. Ver. 31. The fruit of love to God is love to our fellow-men, God's children.

5. Ver. 35. The Christian should not merely stand on the defensive, but should set the enemies of religion to answering the questions against themselves.

6. Vers. 36, 37. Many a mystery as viewed from earth becomes plain when viewed from heaven.

7. Vers. 38-40. Empty souls and persons deficient in real worth seek a reputation from outward show.

8. A love of human honors and flattering titles is unbecoming a follower of Jesus, and contrary to the spirit of his religion.

9. Vers. 41-44. God measures our gifts, not by their amount, but by the degree of self-sacrifice and love they express.

10. If the rich gave to the Lord in the same proportion as the poor, the Lord's treasury would never be empty.

11. It is a great blessing that the poor are not excluded from giving, but may lay up as much treasure in heaven as the more fortunate.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Several subjects are brought to our notice in this lesson, but all may be included in "Love and its Fruits." (1) Love the foundation of all morality and religion, vers. 28-34. Showing the two fundamental commandments, and how these two fulfil the whole law. (2) Love using wisdom, vers. 35-37). In leading the scribes to see the truth of the scriptures. (3) Love uttering warnings, vers. 38-40. Against hypocrisy and ambition. Why it is love that warns. (4) Love expressed in giving, vers. 41-44. The measure of giving being the love and self-sacrifice, and not the amount given.

September 10.—Mark 13: 1-20.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. When we would build houses and plant gardens in a new country, we have always first to disturb the quiet of the old state of things. The trees are cut down, the ground is upturned, great quantities of material are piled around in seeming confusion. Only thus can we gain our beautiful home. So there are always confusions, overturnings, and commotions in the planting of Christ's kingdom, and in every new and great impulse of its progress.—*P.*

II. The Church is like the burning bush which Moses saw, all aflame, but unconsumed. It is like the three men in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, all unharmed because the Son of God was with them. Like Venus, it was born from the foam of an ocean of opposition; like Hercules, it had to strangle the serpents which assailed it even in its cradle.—*P.*

PRACTICAL.

1. Vers. 1, 2. No outward glory or prosperity can save a church or a people.

2. Ver. 4. Christ does not satisfy all our curiosity, but he gives us all the truth we need for our daily living.

3. Vers. 7-9. We must not be disappointed because good causes are surrounded with difficulties and troubles, and good men sometimes perish.

4. Men are so bad that only by great wars, troubles, and upheavals, can evil be destroyed, and Christ reign on the earth.

5. But all persecutions and martyrdoms are the means of proclaiming the truth.

6. The gospel is to be preached to all nations.

7. Those who reject Christ will certainly be destroyed, and their end is terrible.

8. God opens a way of escape for all who believe on his name.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The consequences of rejecting Christ,—utter destruction, while those who believe in Christ shall be saved,—all this is foretold in this lesson, and illustrated by the history of the fall of Jerusalem. (1) The beautiful city and temple, vers. 1, 2. No outward wealth or prosperity can save the wicked. Set forth the scene as it appeared from the Mount of Olives. (2) The three questions, vers. 3, 4, recorded more fully in Matthew, 24: 3. (3) The sorrows and destructions of the wicked, vers. 5-8, 14-20. After explaining the difficult places in the verses, and showing why the old must be destroyed before the new dispensation could be established, describe the terrors of the destruction of Jerusalem; show the reason why, in the rejection of Christ. All this a type of the end of all sinners. (4) The sorrows and salvation of those who believe, vers. 9-14. The good suffer, but not as do the wicked. But all true disciples shall be saved, as all Christians, by believing Christ's word, escaped the destruction of Jerusalem.

If Your Sabbath teaching and living do not agree with your daily life, you may meet with but little success in teaching spiritual lessons, whatever your belief may be.—*Bible Class Teacher.*

DO IT NOW

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

When father calls, though pleasant be
The play you are pursuing,
Do not say, "I'll come when I
Have finished what I'm doing."

If you are told to learn a task,
And you should begin it,
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments, nor your words,
In telling what you can do
Some other time. The present is
For doing what's before you.

PHOEBE CARY.

HOW TO GET RICH.

There are two ways to get rich—the right way and the wrong way; the easy way and the impossible way, the common way and the rare way. And of course the wrong and impossible way is the common way.

To be rich is to have all the money you want, is it not? And the common way of trying to get rich is to try to get money enough for one's wants. The ineradicable and unconquerable difficulty in this way is that the wants always grow faster than the money pile. You want to be rich enough to hire a horse and buggy, when you begin to hire, you want to own a horse, when you drive your own horse, you want to own a span; when you have a span, you want a pony for the children. A hundred millions ought to be a comfortable competence; but Mr. Vanderbilt has lately been a large borrower of money When a man buys railways as other men buy horses, he may be in straitened circumstances though he has fifty millions in U. S. bonds. The more money a man has the poorer he is, if he has not learned to moderate his desires as well as to accumulate his supplies. Baron Munchausen's horse, cut in two by the descending gate as his rider was escaping from the castle, drank unceasingly at the spring by the roadside, to the amazement of his rider, till looking back he discovered that the unfortunate beast was cut off just behind the saddle, and that the water he was taking in in front was running out behind. An insatiable spirit is worse than Baron Munchausen's horse; the more it drinks the thirstier it grows.

The only way to be rich is to keep one's desires within his income. If one wants what five cents can buy, and he has ten cents, he is wealthy A bright dime to a street arab is greater wealth than a thousand dollars to a merchant prince. The right way to be rich is never to want what you cannot buy; then you always have as much money as you want. This is the easy way. No man can regulate the contents of his purse; every man can regulate the quality of his desires. Capital is not within every man's attainment; contentment is. He is wealthy who has learned two arts; first, how to be contented with what he can get; second, how to use what he has. Abraham Lincoln had a better library in the single coverless book which he read by the light of the pitch-pine knots in the Kentucky cabin than the man who has lined the walls of what he ironically calls his library with calfskin bindings at so much a square foot. It is always easy to have plenty of money; spend less than you earn. It is always easy to have all the money you want; want less than you have. The cases of actual suffering from cold, nakedness or hunger are in this country very rare In all other cases Paul's prescription for wealth is the best that was ever devised: "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. The lesson he learned in prison in Rome is worth all the lessons taught in college—business or otherwise—since the world began: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.—*Christian Union.*

A BOY TAKES HIS TURN.

IT MAY BE FUN FOR THE DOGS.

Did any of our young readers ever see a dog running through the street with a tin-kettle tied to his tail? If so, were the boys chasing, and throwing stones at him? Were they laughing and enjoying the sport? Perhaps they did not think how the dog was worried and frightened, and how much pain he felt by the tightness of the cord around his tail, and by the bouncing of the pail sometimes striking him on the back, and sometimes catching against a lamp-post or waggon-wheel, and throwing him down In the picture the artist endeavors to show how it would be when the boy and dog change places.

"CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY."

BY LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD.

Two colored women stand talking in the street. At length they separate with a taunting word from one, who calls the other "a slave to work." A quick retort comes from the lips of the other, "No, no. I am no slave. I am free, soul and body." A business man hurries by, oppressed with toil and care, but the words just spoken arrest his attention for the moment. He turns back a step or two and asks the woman what she means by saying she is "free, soul and body" She replies, "O sir, I mean that I have no master but Jesus, and He has made me free, soul and body" "God bless you, my good woman, your words remind me that I, too, belong to that kind master. God bless you again." And they part, both again to care and toil, but each with renewed courage. The chord of Christian sympathy was struck between them, and in some way it seemed like a bugle blast heard in the thick of the fight, thrilling the heart and nerving the arm. Bless God for the communion of saints.—*Christian at Work.*

A FLY'S MOUTH.

If you examine a common fly under the microscope as he alights upon a piece of sugar, you will see unfolded from the under surface of the head a long organ which looks quite like another leg. It is really his under lip, and is beautifully adapted for licking up fluids and for scratching solids also, being rough like a file. This organ expands at the end into a fan shape, and is supported on a firm tubular frame-work acting as a set of springs to open and shut the fan. When a fly alights on the hand or face in the heat of summer, to sip the perspiration which oozes through the pores of the skin, the movement of this little file causes a tickling sensation.—*Selected.*

A NOBLE REPLY

A boy was once tempted by his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said they, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind that he would not hurt you. "For that very reason," replied the boy, "I ought not to touch them; for though my father may not hurt me, my disobedience would hurt my father."

KINGLY CONDESCENSION

Louis IX. of France was found instructing a poor kitchen-boy; and being asked why he would do so, replied, "The meanest person, hath a soul as precious as my own, and bought with the same blood of Christ."

JOHN BUNYAN'S readiness to give an answer to those who questioned his right to use his great gifts, is seen in the following anecdote related in the words of his friend Charles Doe: As Mr. Bunyan was upon the road near Cambridge, there overtakes him a scholar that had observed him preaching and said to him, "How dare you preach, seeing you have not the original and are no scholar?" Then said Mr. Bunyan; "Have you the original?" "Yes," said the scholar. "Nay, but," said Mr. Bunyan, "have you the very selfsame original copies that were written by the penmen of the Scriptures, the prophets and apostles themselves?" "No," said the scholar, "but we have the true copies." "How do you know that?" said Mr. Bunyan. "How?" said the scholar, "how? Why we believe that what we have is a true copy of the original." "Exactly," said Mr. Bunyan," and so I believe that our English Bible is a true copy of the original." Then away went the scholar.—*Christian Herald.*

THE BOY THAT DREW THE BABY'S PICTURE.

There was once a little American boy named Benjamin West; when he was only seven years old he was watching the beautiful baby, daughter of his eldest sister, in her cradle, when she seemed to him to be the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and he ran and got some paper and drew the picture in red and black ink. The likeness was said to be an excellent one and from that time forth his mind ran on nothing else than being an artist. His father was a Quaker farmer and had not the money, even if he had the wish to give his son the education necessary for an artist; but still Benjamin West worked on making his first paint brushes out of the hairs of a cat's tail, and painted away from his seventh year of age to the time of his death. His birthplace was in Springfield, Pennsylvania, and he went from there to Philadelphia where he received some instruction in his art and there and in the neighboring towns and New York, practised it chiefly as a portrait painter. In 1760 when twenty-two years old he went to Italy where he remained for three years, gaining very remarkable success, and then went to dwell for the rest of his lifetime in London, England. Here he received the highest honors that can be given an artist, being made president of the Royal Academy, and for nearly forty years he was the friend of King George the Third who was proud of being his patron. But still Benjamin West made one great mistake as an artist, which Samuel Smiles in *Self Help*, a book that everybody should read, refers to in those words; "West might have been a greater painter, had he not been injured by too early success; his fame though great, was not purchased by study, trials, and difficulties, and it has not been enduring."

THE PARROT'S MEMORY.

A parrot was once the pet of a beautiful Spanish lady, who caressed him daily, and taught him her musical tongue. At last she sold him to an English naval officer, who took him home as a present to his wife.

For some time the parrot seemed to be melancholy beneath the gray skies of England, where men and birds spoke a tongue unknown to him. By degrees, however, he learned some English sentences, forgot apparently all the Spanish he ever knew, and regained health and spirits.

Years passed away, and the parrot still lived as the pet of the whole family; he grew to be very old, could only eat pap, and could scarcely climb his pole, but nobody had the heart to destroy him, and so he grew weaker and weaker. One day a Spanish gentleman called, and was shown to the room where the parrot lived.

A lively discussion arose in Spanish between the visitor and his host. It was the first time since his arrival in England that the bird had heard his native language, and it must have reminded him of his sojourn on the Peninsula. With wild delight the parrot spread out his wings, repeated hurriedly some of the Spanish phrases learned in his youth, and fell down dead. The joy of hearing the sweet accents he had learned when he was the senorita's companion was more than he could bear.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE BOY THAT DREW THE BABY'S PICTURE.

HOW TO LOVE GOD.

In a beautiful New England village a young man lay very sick, drawing near to death, and very sad. His heart longed for a treasure which he knew had never been his, and which was worth more to him now than all the gold of all the western mines. One day I sat down by him, took his hand, and, looking in his troubled face, asked him what made him so sad.

"Uncle," said he, "I want to love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteous tones in which he said these words, and the look of trouble which he gave to me. I said to him, "My boy, you must trust God first, and then you will love Him without trying to at all."

With a surprised look he exclaimed, "What did you say?"

I repeated the exact words again, and I shall never forget how his large, hazel eyes opened on me, and his cheeks flushed as he slowly said, "Well, I never knew that before. I always thought that I must love God first before I had any right to trust Him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered, "God wants us to trust Him; that is what Jesus always asks us to do first of all, and He knows that as soon as we trust Him we shall begin to love Him. This is the way to love God, to put your trust in Him first of all." Then spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent Him that we might believe in Him, and how, all through his life, He tried to win the trust of men; how grieved He was when men would not believe in Him, and every one who believed came to love without trying at all. He drank in all the truth, and simply saying, "I will trust Jesus now," without an effort put his young soul in Christ's hands that very hour; and so he came into the peace of God which passeth understanding, and lived in it calmly and sweetly to the end. None of all the loving friends who watched over him during the remaining weeks of his life doubted that the dear boy had learned to love God without trying to.—*Word and Work.*

ONE STEP AT A TIME.

Many there are who stand hesitating on the threshold of a Christian life, unwilling to commit themselves by taking a first step lest they should not prove able to hold out in the new way. To such the following narrative from *Early Dew* may prove a helpful suggestion. We give it as we find it, commending it to their earnest attention:

"George Manning had almost decided to become a Christian, one doubt held him back. 'How can I know,' he said to himself, 'that even if I do begin a religious life, I shall continue faithful, and finally reach heaven?' He wanted to see the whole way there before taking the first step. While in this state of indecision and unhappiness he one evening sought the house of his favorite professor—for he was a college student at the time—and they talked for several hours upon the all absorbing topic. But the conversation ended without dispelling his fears or bringing him any nearer the point of decision.

"When he was about to go home the professor accompanied him to the door, and, observing how dark the night was, prepared a lantern, and, handing it to his young friend, said,

"'George, this little light will not show you the whole way to your room, but only one step at a time; but take that step and you will reach your home in safety.'

"It proved the word in season. As George walked securely along in the path brightened by the little lantern the truth flashed through his mind, dispelling the last shadow of doubt.

"'Why can I not trust my heavenly Father,' he said to himself, 'even if I cannot see my way clear to the end, if he gives me the light to take one step? I will trust him; I do trust him.'

"He could hardly wait till he reached his room to fall on his knees and thank God for the peace and joy that filled his soul. Early next morning the professor was summoned to the door. There he found George Manning. With beaming face he looked up to his teacher, and as he handed him the lantern said significantly;

"'Doctor, your little lamp lighted me all the way home last night.'"

A CHRISTIAN'S CHOICE.

A Christian man, working hard for God, was told by the doctor that he must give up all work if he would save his life.

His answer was, "I would rather spend two or three years in doing good than exist for six in idleness."

The Family Circle.

ARTIE'S "AMEN."

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

They were Methodists twain, of the ancient school,
Who always followed the wholesome rule
That whenever the preacher in meeting said
Aught that was good for the heart or head,
His hearers should pour their feelings out
In a loud "Amen" or a godly shout.

Three children had they, all honest boys,
Whose youthful sorrows and youthful joys
They shared, as your loving parents will,
While tending them ever through good and ill.

One day—'twas a bleak, cold Sabbath morn,
When the sky was dark and the earth forlorn—
These boys, with a caution not to roam,
Were left by the elder folk at home.

But scarce had they gone when the wooded frame
Was seen by the tall stove-pipe aflame;
And out of their reach, high, high and higher
Rose the red coils of the serpent fire.

With startled sight for a while they gazed,
As the pipe grew hot and the wood-work blazed;
Then up, though his heart beat wild with dread,
The eldest climbed to a shelf o'erhead,
And soon, with a sputter and hiss of steam,
The flame died out like an angry dream.

When the father and mother came back that day—
They had gone to a neighboring church to pray—
Each looked with a half-averted eye,
On the awful doom which had just passed by.

And then the father began to praise
His boys with a tender and sweet amaze.
"Why, how did you manage, Tom, to climb
And quench the threatening flames in time
To save your brothers, and save yourself?"
"Well, father, I mounted the strong oak shelf
By help of the table standing nigh."
"And what," quote the father, suddenly,
Turning to Jemmy, the next in age,
"Did you to quiet the fiery rage?"
"I brought the pail, and the dipper too,
And so it was that the water flew
All over the flames and quenched them quite."

A mist came over the father's sight,
A mist of pride and of righteous joy,
As he turned at last to his youngest boy—
A gleeful urchin scarce three years old,
With his dimpling cheeks and his hair of gold.
"Come, Artie, I'm sure you weren't afraid:
Now tell me in what way you tried to aid
This fight with the fire." "Too small am I,"
Artie replied, with a half-drawn sigh,
"To fetch like Jemmy, and work like Tom;
So I stood just here for a minute dumb,
Because, papa, I was frightened some;
But I prayed, 'Our Father': and then—and then
I shouted as loud as I could, 'Amen.'"
—*Harper's Young People.*

EDNA'S ROOM.

BY MRS. GALUSHA ANDERSON.

"Oh, Aunt Anna, do come in and see the beautiful new carpet that mamma has bought for me," cried Edna, joyfully, one bright spring morning. She stood at the open door of her room. The sun shone brightly into the window and made the apartment cheerful. The carpet was certainly very pretty, and all the appointments of the room displayed the good taste and good sense of the mother who had provided them.

Still, Aunt Anna's praises were confined to the carpet, and that hardly met with her approval.

She sat down in the low rocker by the window and after admiring the combination of colors to which Edna called her attention, she asked quietly, "Who takes care of your room, Edna?"

"I do," returned the young girl with some pride. "Mamma said that if I would care for it I might have a room by myself. I was so tired of sharing the nursery with the other children, and now that baby has come in there from mamma's room, there really was no place for me."

"Then I suppose that you moved in late last night, or was it this morning?"

"Why no, Auntie! I have been here almost a week. Did I not tell you? But what made you say that?"

"I merely noticed that you had no time to brush up the carpet, and that things looked rather askew all round. Did you make this bed?"

"Yes'm," answered Edna, laughing, "I know it looks as if there were potato-hills all along the edges; but it will not tuck in right. Now you are about it, Auntie, do give me a lecture on taking care of my room. I can see in your eyes that you are anxious to do it."

Nothing loath, Aunt Anna began. "Did it ever strike you that a room takes expression from its occupant as much as one's dress does? In fact that it might be called a mirror in which are reflected the principal traits of its owner?"

"No, indeed, Auntie. What an idea!"

"And yet I have heard you say that Mrs. Blank's house looks just like her."

"Now, Aunt Anna, I do hope that you don't think that this room looks just like me," exclaimed Edna, hastily picking up a soiled apron from the floor and stuffing it into the clothes bag in the closet.

"Some things about it look like your dear mother," answered Aunt Anna, "and in so far it is beautiful. See how she has chosen this carpet. The prevailing tint is complemental to that of the walls, so that together they rest the eye, and at the same time add to the cheerfulness of the room. The pattern is small and not striking, for she understands that a floor covering is not intended for display. If the room were in order, it would reflect her neatness, cheerfulness and love of art."

"As to the art, that is all my doing. I have saved up my spending money for ever so long to buy those brackets, and the vases I decorated myself," said Edna, who plumed herself on dabbling in china painting.

"All of which I understand and appreciate, Edna. But your love of art must be small, when you allow such very pretty brackets to stand with their carvings full of dust, and leave withered flowers in the vases. Neatness is certainly one of the virtues that you need to cultivate."

"But if you had to study every living minute, Auntie——"

'Don't finish the sentence, my dear. Those books of yours do not prevent you from doing almost anything you wish. A few minutes every day, and an hour on Saturday morning would keep this room like a little paradise."

"Please tell me how."

"To begin, when you rise, throw open the bed, and allow it to air. The mattress should be turned every morning, and the window left open top and bottom, if ever so little, before the bed is made. As to the 'potato-hills,' they will disappear with practice.

"Then, whatever you use at your toilet, brush, comb, and the rest, put back into their place. That is the shortest way. I see you have a large bag in the closet for soiled clothes. Put them in at once. Don't leave them on the floor. I should beg a piece of old silk, or, better still, an old soft silk handkerchief from my mother, if I were you. Hang it on its own particular hook, where it can be found without a search, and use it every day to dust every article of furniture."

"That would take time."

"Very little. The great secret of expedition in work is order. A young lady dresses in half the time if she knows just where everything is.

"Those bureau drawers,
" How sad a tale their chaos tells,
Of temper spoiled and wasted time,
When gloves are lost, and church-bells chime."

Edna laughed as Aunt Anna sang her little parody to the tune of "Those evening bells."

"I would not dare let you look inside of one of them," said she.

"I don't wish to, my dear. Not to-day at any rate. But to continue. You will preserve the beauty of your furniture much longer if you keep a bottle of oil, and another of polish, with a bit of soft flannel to apply it with, and occasionally touch up the rubbed places. But above all you must sweep well, and never neglect the corners. The corners of a room are the test of sweeping. Cover all your small articles with a sheet after they are well dusted and placed on the bed, and turn all your tables and chairs into the hall. I have not time to tell you how to brush down the walls and to dust the pictures. But one thing I will say, give plenty of time for the dust to settle, before you begin to wipe it off. Otherwise you will have your work to do twice over. Then shake your sheet out of the window, and all that will be left to do will be the pleasurable occupation of arranging the room as tastefully as possible."

"You would have me work very hard, Aunt Anna," sighed Edna.

"But you promised your mother that you would take care of your room. And you can find great pleasure in all this, which is by no means as hard as it seems. You can also learn much that will be of use to you in many places outside of the room itself. You can learn to hold yourself to your word. Every time you slight your duties here you break your promise to your mother, and injure both your honesty and your self-respect.

"You can make this room, too, a standing lesson to the younger children. If, whenever they come in here, they find everything beautifully in order, they cannot excuse their own untidiness by saying that sister does no better.

"This is the only spot on earth that is your very own. Here you may sit down among your possessions to study or rest; here you may bring the younger children, when your mother is busy or tired, and by your kindness teach them to consider you as a faithful friend, and your room as a refuge. In coming years you will reap from such seed sowing a harvest of love and confidence.

"Above all, dear Edna this is your private chapel. Here is the oratory, where you commune with your Saviour. Should you not be willing to expend time and labor to render it a place where you can kneel before God to implore a clean heart and a right spirit, without a sense of the incongruity of your surroundings?"

"I am glad you came in, Auntie. I should never have thought of things so. But after all, it seems odd to urge such a motive for keeping my room in order."

"You have not thought very far, Edna, nor gone very far in the Christian life. You will find that the gospel deals even with bureau drawers. You surely have heard what George Herbert says:

'Who sweeps a room as by God's laws
Makes that and the action fine,'

or better yet the words of Paul, 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'

And Aunt Anna went away, leaving Edna quiet and thoughtful.—*Standard.*

MR. MOODY'S INTERVIEW WITH A SWEARER.

The following incident was related by Mr. Moody in the course of an address to young men at St. Louis. One evening a man drove up to the building where our meetings were held. He had a fine looking carriage, and he had his hat on one side of his head and a cigar in his mouth, and he acted as if he didn't want any one to know that he was attending the meetings; and in a careless way he was assuming that he didn't care particularly what was going on; but I noticed that he was listening, and that the tears stood in his eyes. He was trying to conceal it. You know some men act very strangely. They don't want you to know they are affected, and they put up their hands to their faces, and all that. It is not manly for some men to shed tears for sin. It is manly to do a great many mean and contemptible things, but it is not manly for a man to shed a tear over his sins. I said to some of the friends after the meeting was over, "Who is that man that drove up in a carriage?" "Well, that is Mr. P." "Is he a Christian man?" "A Christian man! I will venture to say there is not a man within a hundred miles that has done the damage to the church that this man has done." "Well, how is that?" "Well, he is one of the wealthiest men in that part of the country, and is a man of great influence, but one of the most profane men, and one of the most vulgar and obscene talking men that is in the community."

"Well," I said, "he is interested."

"No," was the reply, "he is not. If you had heard what he said about you down street to-day, and the fun he was making of you and the meetings you wouldn't think he was interested.

"Well," I said, "you can't tell anything from that. Some men when the Spirit of God wakes them up, talk right opposite to what they feel. It is no sign, and I will go up to his house and see him, if you will tell me where he lives." They said: "You had better not go. He will only curse you."

"That will not hurt me. It will hurt him more than me. He has not power to curse me."

I went up to the man's house and I met him coming out of the gate of his yard. I said. "I believe this is Mr. P——."

The man straightened up. "Yes sir; that is my name. What do you want?"

"Well, I would like to ask you a question, if you have no objection."

"What is it, sir?"

"Well, I am told that you have been blessed above every man in this country; that God has given you great wealth; and I am told that he has given you a beautiful wife and a beautiful family of children, and I am told that He has given you good health, and they tell me all that He has received in return from you has been curses and blasphemy, and I would just like to ask you why you treat your Lord in that way?"

Well, the man's countenance fell. "Come in," said he, and the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. He couldn't conceal them then. I went into his drawing-room, and took a seat on the sofa, and the man said, "How can I help it? If I have tried it once I have tried a thousand times to stop swearing, and I can't do it. I curse my wife and I believe I love her. I have got, as you say, a lovely family of children, and as I sit at the table, and before I know it, I am cursing them. I feel ashamed of myself. I confess that I am a bad man, but I can't help it. I have tried and tried, and am trying, but I am growing worse all the time"

"Well," I said, "I know all about it. I have been there."

"What," said he, "did you ever swear?"

"Yes."

"Well," says he, "how did you ever get rid of it; how did you ever stop?" I said, "I never stopped, it stopped itself."

"Why, how is that?"

"Well, one night I let the Lord Jesus Christ come into this heart of mine, and I have never had any desire to swear since."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, sir; that is so."

"It don't seem possible that you ever swore."

"Well, it don't to me. I am a stranger almost to myself. I wonder at myself. It don't seem possible." And then I went on and told him how he could be saved.

"Well," says he, "I don't understand that."

"No," I said, "but the Lord will reveal it to you if you really want to get the victory over sin, if you want to get the victory over profanity and over every other sin; for if God is going to save you it must be thorough work not only to break off one sin, but all sin. But God lays the axe right at the root of the tree. He don't come to save a man from one sin, but from all sin. And when God works He makes thorough work of it." Well, I preached Christ to him, and after a while I said: "Let us get down here and pray." And after I had prayed I said: "Now you pray."

"Me pray?" said he, "Why, that would be downright blasphemy. I don't want to add sin to sin. Me pray? That would be mockery."

"Why," said I, "don't you want God to forgive you? Don't you want God to have mercy upon you?"

"Yes," says he, "I do."

Says I, "That is honest. Now tell God what you want and ask him to have mercy upon you." After I had prayed, the poor fellow began to pray, "God be merciful to me, a great sinner," and, when I got up to leave, he said, "Now, what shall I do?" "Go right down to the Church of God and let these people know that you have made up your mind to be a child of God—to be a Christian." "Why," said he, "go to church? Oh! I can't do that. Why, what would people say?" "Oh," said I, "you have got to trample that under your feet.

Never mind what they say. Do right because it is right."

There may be imperfections in the Church, but the longer I live the more I am convinced that the best people in this world are in the Church after all. Men may say all the mean and cutting things they have a mind to against the Church, but, if I wanted to find a holy man in St. Louis, I would find him in some church. If I wanted to find a godly sainted woman, I would find her in some church. Men are under the power of the devil when they are attacking the Church and saying that the Church is not the purest institution under Heaven. To be sure, it is not perfect, but if you want to find holy, godly men, you will find them in the Church.

And so I said, "Go right down there, take your stand among God's people." "Why," says he, "I'm not fit." "Go right into the church and tell them you want them to pray for you and be known as on the Lord's side." And the next morning at the prayer-meeting Mr. P. was there. I was sitting in front of him, and when he got up he put his hand on the settee that I was sitting upon, and he trembled; I knew the man was trembling, and there was a hush came upon the audience.

It had been years and years since that man had been in the church unless at some funeral. There are some people who never go to church except to funerals. He was like Saul among the prophets, and when he rose everyone wondered what he had to say. He says: "I want you to pray for me; I want to be a Christian; and if God can save a poor sinner like me I want to be saved." And we did pray for him, and that man is an elder in the same church to-day. He didn't have to stop swearing; it stopped itself.

I tell you if you take Jesus Christ into your heart and give him full possession of it, those sins that have been pulling you down, those sins that have been marring your life and making it dark and bitter, will flee away. That is the way to drive away darkness—to let the light in. Christ is the light of the world, and if you will let Him into that dark heart of yours to-day, just let Him save you is His own way and give up trying to save yourself in your own way—if you will just surrender yourself unreservedly to Him, He will save you. —*Sabbath Morning.*

INDIA-RUBBER PRODUCTION.

Mr. W. P. Smith, U. S. Consul at Carthagena, Colombia, in his report on the commercial relations of the country to the United States, has an interesting account of the production of India-rubber. He says the rubber-hunters have been in the habit of cutting down the trees instead of tapping them, and there is great danger of exterminating them unless they are cultivated. He says:

The trees which yield the larger supply of rubber flourish along the banks of the Sinu and Aslato rivers. The rubber hunters before entering the woods provide themselves with guns, ammunition, flour, salt, and tobacco. The flour is made from plantains, which are cut into slices, dried and ground, and is generally mixed with corn meal. This flour will keep sweet for months even in this climate. For meat the hunters depend upon the game they can kill. A roof of palm trees is quickly made, and every man starts out with his gun and machete, each one in a different direction and alone, hunting for rubber and game. As soon as one finds a rubber tree he clears a space around the trunk, cutting away all vines, underbrush, &c., and marches on again in search of more rubber trees, not returning to camp until night. According to the immemorial custom a tree belongs to him who has cut around it. The hunt is continued until all the trees in the vicinity of the camp are thus secured. Then begins the work of gathering the rubber. A hole is dug in the ground near the rubber-tree, unless some other party is encamped near, in which case the holes are dug near the camp. The bark of the tree is first hacked with a machete as high as a man can reach, the cuts being made in the form of a V, and the milk (sap) collected as it exudes, and put into the hole which has been dug for it.

After the milk ceases to flow from the cuts a pile of wood or brush is made at the foot of the tree and the tree is chopped down, the branches keeping one end of the tree off the ground, and the piles of wood at the foot of the tree doing the same for the other end. Thus the trunk is suspended. The hunter, after carefully placing large leaves on the ground under the tree, proceeds to cut gashes in the bark of the tree throughout its whole length. The bark is collected from the tree and from the leaves placed under it, and added to the milk first collected. The sap, when it first exudes from the tree, is as white as milk and almost as thick as cream; but it soon turns black on exposure to air and light if not properly watched and cared for. The quantity of milk which is put into one hole depends not only on the size of the trees and their distance apart, but also on the strength of the man who is to carry the rubber from the camp to the river, and the track and trail he must carry it over. As soon as a hole has all the milk a hunter intends to put into it, he coagulates the rubber by adding some substance, such as the root of "inechoacah," by hard soap, &c., and these substances cause the milk to coagulate so fast as to prevent the escape of the water which is always present in the fresh sap, and as the rubber and water will not mix, a piece of rubber coagulated this way is full of small cells containing water. Of course, a piece of rubber full of holes is not as valuable as a piece of homogeneous rubber. For this reason Carthagena rubber is worth less than Para rubber. I have seen the rubber of this country made perfectly homogeneous, clear and transparent as amber. It costs no more to make such rubber than to make it full of holes, water and dirt. It also costs no more to "pack" one pound of such rubber out of the woods than to pack one-half pound of porous rubber, with its half pound of water and dirt.

As soon as all the rubber-trees are cut down and the rubber coagulated, the pieces are strapped on the backs of the hunters by thongs of bark, carried by them out to the bank of the river, and brought to market by canoe or raft. The value of the rubber exported for the year ending December 31, 1880, was $335,113; an increase over the previous year, due to the fact of the recent high price of the product. Of this amount the United States bought to the value of $238,393.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE PANAMA WHARF.

Charlie and Lucy were sitting one evening on their Uncle George's knee.

"Uncle," said Lucy, who was a dear child, "what did the minister mean this afternoon at church when he said that the man who despises small things shall fall little by little?"

"Well, Lucy my dear," replied Uncle George, "I think you will understand me better if I tell you a story.

"Many years ago I was visiting at Panama. This is a place you will find on your map, south of the United States and Mexico.

"I remained there for many months. Near my hotel was a very large wharf. Year after year the ships had come up to it, and had unloaded their cargoes. It was built at very great expense, and every person thought it entirely safe. Merchants often permitted thousands of pounds' worth of goods to remain on it over night. It was the custom of the wharf superintendent to examine it every month. Now, while I was there, the report was spread that some little insects were eating away the wood. He looked at the place, but said it was of no consequence—that there were only a few insects that could do no great harm. Month after month passed, and still these little creatures ate away at the wharf. They did not seem to be numerous, and but little attention was paid to them.

"One day, as I was looking out of my window, I heard a dreadful crash, and, behold, the whole immense wharf had sunk into the sea. Sixty or seventy persons were killed, and an immense amount of property was destroyed—all by the works of these tiny little insects. Afterward it was found that they had been eating for years in the wood. Had they been stopped at once, no harm could have come; but the superintendent thought them too small to notice; he despised them because they were so small.

"Children," said Uncle George, "be careful of little things. Whenever you discover a bad little habit, overcome it at once. If you don't, it may overcome you. Ask God for Jesus' sake to help you and he will; for he has promised to hear those who ask him." —*The Children's Friend.*

A NAVAL HEAD-DRESS.

Lady Jackson, in her volumes on the Court of Louis XVI., and the First Empire, describes Marie Antoinette's household and circle, the evil genius of both, the Abbe Vermond, the *ques-a-co* head-dress and its wonderful successors, and other things of the same kind. The *ques-a-co* ("what is that?" in Provencal) itself was a comparatively simple structure of gauze, flowers and feathers about four feet high. But the idea of it, like all great ideas, was capable of indefinite expansion and application, and Lady Jackson shall tell us to what it came on the occasion of the famous "saucy Arethusa" duel:

"The queen and the ladies of the cour and of the *beau-monde*, being desirous of expressing their sympathy with the proud feeling of the nation, in the abasement by France of the maritime power of England, gracefully wore on their heads at the *fetes*, models, as large as was practicable, of the Belle Poule under full sail, ploughing the waves of a stormy sea of green gauze, and in hot pursuit of the Arethusa. This was the 'coiffure Belle Poule,' and so popular was it until new creations suggested by new victories took its place, that all other *coiffures* may be said to have struck their flags, or their pendants, to it. The wife of an English naval officer chanced to be in Paris at that time. Considering the 'coiffure Belle Poule' an open affront to the British navy, she courageously resolved as openly to resent it. On the next festive occasion connected with the revived naval glory of France, this spirited Englishwoman triumphantly appeared carrying on her head five English line-of-battle ships, a French frigate and a lugger. At the back was an artistic arrangement of silk and gauze covering stiff net, and representing Plymouth harbor, into which the English ships with their prizes were entering. That there might be no misinterpretation of this symbolical head-dress, a streamer bearing the vessel's name was attached to each, and on the edifice at the back was placed the word "Plymouth" in glittering beads. The audacity of this British heroine is said to have 'struck every one dumb.'"—*The Athenæum.*

FATHER AND SON.

"If you wish to train up your child in the way he should go, just skirmish ahead on that line yourself," said wise Josh Billings; and if he was not addressing fathers, or thinking of boys, he ought to have been. The writer was present once at a social religious meeting, when a very large man with a very large nose, and no doubt a very large heart also, arose and used his space of time to tell what a good mother he had, and how her influence had guided him, and finished with an exhortation to all mothers to make good men of their boys. The divines followed in a similar strain and ended with the same exhortation, and all the brethren settled themselves more comfortably into their seats, and all the sisters bowed their heads with meek faces as if sweetly taking up the heavy burden thus flatteringly laid upon their frail shoulders. No, not all; for one sat bolt upright, too indignant for speech, to see those great broad shouldered men thus broadly shirking the greatest responsibility God ever called them to bear. Because some mothers, blessed with mighty faith and powerful will, have borne their sons triumphantly over the quicksands of youthful temptations and planted their feet firmly on the pleasant upland of righteous manhood, shall it be demanded of every frail woman to whom God has given a son, that she do the same? No, with equal justice it might be demanded of every woman that she write books like Mrs. Stowe. What weight has a mother's word when weighed against a father's example? The mother says, "My son, do not smoke: it is bad for your health, bad for the purse, bad for the morals, and the pleasure it affords is trifling compared to the evil it works." "What does mother know about smoking?" reasons the boy; "she never smokes; father smokes, and I am going to, too." "Don't spend your evenings about the bar-room and the village store," pleads the troubled mother; "the conversation there is not such as I wish you to listen to." "What does mother know about bar-room talk?" questions the boy; "she is at home rocking the baby, or darning stockings, father is there, and I'm going." One outspoken, ten year-old boy said, "I like my mother well enough, but I think father is a great deal smarter," and he expressed the feeling of the average boy when he enters his teens. Now, which parent is likely to have most influence in forming the character of that son?—*Evangelist.*

AFTER DARK.

Almost invariably young boys who have been allowed to roam free at night have come to moral shipwreck and social destruction. The exceptions have been where there was a strong intellect, a wholesome temperament, and peculiar social influences. Men and boys, women and girls, whatever may have been their culture, feel that there is something different in the streets at night from that which is in the day—something which excites apprehension, or creates alarm, or gives license. Boys that are demure by day will say things at night that they would blush to utter in the daylight.

The result of our observation is the clear conviction that it is absolutely necessary that parents know exactly where their children are from sundown to sunrise. No boy ought to be allowed to go alone off the pavement of his father's house after sundown. It ought not to be a hard restriction; to a boy thus trained from infancy it will not be. It is unnatural that a child should want to go off to play in the dark with other children. The desire never comes until the child has begun to be corrupt. Sometimes, for quiet, parents will allow their children to go "round the corner" to play with some other children. Sometimes this is allowed through mere carelessness. We never knew it to fail to end disastrously. We have in our mind one or two striking cases of where weak mothers have pleaded for this liberty for their children and are now reaping the bitter fruits.—*Signal.*

Question Corner.—No. 16.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

181. What was the greatest number of stripes allowed by the law of Moses as the punishment for an offence?
182. What prophet did the Lord tell not to judge by the outward appearance?
183. On what errand had God sent him at the time?
184. Where in the Bible do we find "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"?
185. What man under pretence of going to perform a vow raised an insurrection against the king?
186. Who was the last of the Judges?
187. How many sons had Jesse the father of David?
188. What was the weight of the coat of mail worn by Goliath of Gath?
189. What nations were the Jews commanded not to molest during their journey from Egypt to the Promised Land?
190. During the Feast of Tabernacles the Israelites dwelt in booths. Of what was this to remind them?
191. Where did Miriam, the sister of Moses die?
192. How long did Solomon reign over Israel?

DOUBLE BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1, An Amorite city; 2, A woman of the New Testament; 3, One of the limits of the kingdom of Ahasuerus; 4, A city mentioned in the Gospel of John; 5, One of the minor prophets; 6, A river forming the southern boundary of Canaan.

The primals and finals give the names of the chief actors in an Old Testament miracle

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 14.

157. Nebuchadnezzar. Dan. 1
158. Jehoiakim. Dan. 1. 1.
159. Naboth. 1 Kings xxi. 1.
160. Because he would not sell the inheritance of his fathers. 1 Kings xxi. 3.
161. Jezebel caused Naboth to be put to death. 1 Kings xxi. 8, 10.
162. Elijah. 1 Kings xxi. 17.
163. King of Syria. 1 Kings xxii. 29, 37.
164. Caleb, the son of Jephunneh. Jos. xiv. 10. 11.
165. Three. Joshua xviii 4.
166. About forty years.
167. They died by the plague before the Lord.
168. Balaam. Numbers xxiii. 8.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

ABRAHAM
BABYLON
RAINBOW
ABSALOM
HEBREWS
ABISHAI
MALACHI

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 13.—Gordon McK. Campbell, 12; Willie Lamson, 10.

To No. 14.—Alexander George Burr, 12, ac; Annie D. Burr, 12, ac; Gordon McK. Campbell, 12.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

REVISED VERSION.

LESSON X.

Sep. 3, 1882.] [Mark 12: 28-44.

LOVE TO GOD AND MEN.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 29-31.

And one of the scribes came, and heard them questioning together, and knowing that he had answered them well, asked him, What commandment is the first of all? 28
Jesus answered, The first is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God the Lord is one; 29
and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. The second is this, 30
Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these. 31
And the scribe said unto him, Of a truth, Master, thou hast well said that he is one; and there is none other but he: 32
and to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbor as himself, is much more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices. 33
And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God. And no man after that durst ask him any questions. 34
And Jesus answered and said, as he taught in the temple, How say the scribes that the Christ is the son of David? 35
David himself said in the Holy Spirit,
The Lord said unto my Lord,
Sit thou on my right hand,
Till I make thine enemies the footstool of thy feet.
36
David himself calleth him Lord; and whence is he his son? 37
And the common people heard him gladly.
And in his teaching he said, Beware of the scribes, which desire to walk in long robes, 38
and to have salutations in the marketplaces, 39
and chief seats in the synagogues, and chief places at feasts; 40
they which devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers; these shall receive greater condemnation.
And he sat down over against the treasury, and beheld how the multitude cast money into the treasury: and many that were rich cast in much. 41
And there came a poor widow, and she cast in two mites, which make a farthing. 42
And he called unto him his disciples, and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, This poor widow cast in more than all they which are casting into the treasury; 43
for they all did cast in of their superfluity; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living. 44

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."—Deut. 6: 5.

TOPIC.—The Religion of the Heart.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE GREAT COMMANDMENT. 2. THE SON OF DAVID. 3. THE HYPOCRITICAL SCRIBES. 4. THE WIDOW'S MITES.

Time.—Tuesday, April 4, A.D. 30. Place.—Jerusalem, in the temple.

HELPS TO STUDY.

I. THE GREAT COMMANDMENT.—(28-34). Parallel passage, Matt. 22: 34-40. Luke (10: 25-37) refers to another though similar occurence. V. 28. THE FIRST COMMANDMENT—the most important. V. 29. JESUS ANSWERED HIM—he quoted Deut. 6: 4, 5. WITH ALL THY HEART, ETC.—God requires that we love him above all other beings or things, and with all our faculties. THE FIRST—the most important, as underlying all others. V. 31. THE SECOND—Lev. 19: 18. We are to love our neighbor, not in the same degree, but after the same manner, as ourselves. Love to God and love to man "is the fulfilling of the law." Rom. 13: 10. V. 33, MORE—more acceptable to God and more useful to the worshipper.

II. THE SON OF DAVID.—(35-37). Parallel passages, Matt. 22: 41-46; Luke 20: 40-44. V. 35. THE SON OF DAVID—this was the common opinion, and it was true (Luke 1: 32; Rom. 1: 2), but not the whole truth. Jesus here proves that the Messiah was to be the Son of God. V. 36. DAVID HIMSELF SAID—Ps. 110: 1. THE LORD—Jehovah. UNTO MY LORD—the Messiah. As David is here the speaker, MY LORD means David's Lord. ON MY RIGHT HAND—the place of honor. This was a dignity to which no human being could attain. The Messiah was David's son by human birth, but David's Lord by his divine nature as the Son of God.

III. THE HYPOCRITICAL SCRIBES.—(38-40.) Parallel passages, Matt. 23: 1-39; Luke 20: 45-47. V. 38. BEWARE—do not catch their spirit. LONG CLOTHING—robes of office. Matt. 23: 5. SALUTATIONS—the low bowing in token of respect. MARKETPLACES—public places, where they would attract attention. V. 39. CHIEF SEATS—places of honor. UPPERMOST ROOMS—rather the upper or middle couch at meals, which was deemed the most honorable. V. 40. DEVOUR WIDOWS' HOUSES—robbing the poor and defenceless, and yet pretending to be very religious. LONG PRAYERS—they made great show of piety so as the better to carry on their villany.

IV. THE WIDOW'S MITES.—(41-44.) Parallel passage, Luke 21: 1-4. V. 41. OVER AGAINST THE TREASURY—there were thirteen brazen chests in the outer court of the temple to receive the money for the temple expenses. V. 42. TWO MITES—the smallest copper coins, worth about one-fifth of a cent of our money. V. 43. MORE ....THAN ALL THEY—Jesus counts our offerings but notes especially the spirit in which they are made. A penny given in self-denial, love and worship is of more value in his sight than all the gold that is put in to be seen of men.

TEACHINGS:

1. Honest, earnest enquiry after truth is the first step toward the kingdom.
2. It is our duty to love God with all our hearts, and our neighbor as ourselves.
3. There is no true obedience without love.
4. Religion does not consist in long prayers and loud professions.
5. Giving our money should be a part of our worship.
6. A small gift may show a large heart.

REMEMBER that you may be very near the kingdom of heaven, and not in it. It is one thing to know the truth, and another thing to have it in the heart. Christ regards not our profession, but our practice. Show your faith in him as Lord of all by the obedience of love.

LESSON XI.

Sep. 10, 1882.] [Mark 13: 1-20.

CALAMITIES FORETOLD.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 9-11.

And as he went forth out of the temple, one of his disciples saith unto him, Master, behold, what manner of stones and what manner of buildings! 1
And Jesus said unto him, Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another, which shall not be thrown down. 2
And as he sat on the Mount of Olives over against the temple, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked him privately, 3
Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign when these things are all to be accomplished? 4
And Jesus began to say unto them, Take heed that no man lead you astray. 5
Many shall come in my name, saying, I am he; and shall lead many astray. 6
And when ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be not troubled; these things must needs come to pass: but the end is not yet. 7
For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; there shall be earthquakes in divers places; there shall be famines; these things are the beginning of travail. 8
But take ye heed to yourselves; for they shall deliver you up to councils; and in synagogues shall ye be beaten; and before governors and kings shall ye stand for my sake, for a testimony unto them. 9
And the gospel must first be preached unto all the nations. 10
And when they lead you to judgment, and deliver you up, be not anxious beforehand what ye shall speak; but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye; for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost. 11
And brother shall deliver up brother to death, and the father his child; and children shall rise up against parents, and cause them to be put to death. 12
And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake; but he that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved. 13
But when ye see the abomination of desolation standing where he ought not (let him that readeth understand), then let them that are in Judea flee unto the mountains; 14
and let him that is on the housetop not go down, nor enter in, to take anything out of his house; 15
and let him that is in the field not return back to take his cloak. 16
But woe unto them that are with child and to them that give suck in those days! 17
And pray ye that it be not in the winter. 18
For those days shall be tribulation, such as there hath not been the like from the beginning of the creation which God created until now, and never shall be. 19
And except the Lord had shortened the days, no flesh would have been saved; but for the elect's sake, whom he chose, he shortened the days. 20

GOLDEN TEXT.—"A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself."—Prov. 22: 3.

TOPIC.—The Disciples Forewarned.

LESSON PLAN.—1. JERUSALEM TO BE DESTROYED. 2. THE DISCIPLES TO SUFFER. 3. FLIGHT COMMANDED.

Time.—Tuesday, April 4, A.D. 30, at the close of his public ministry. Places.—Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives.

HELPS TO STUDY.

I. JERUSALEM TO BE DESTROYED.—(1-8.) Parallel passages, Matt. 24: 1-8; Luke 21: 5-11. For events between this lesson and the last read John 12: 20-50. V. 1. WHAT MANNER OF STONES—the temple was one of the most magnificent buildings of ancient times. It was forty-six years in building (John 2: 20), and ten thousand skilled workmen were employed upon it. V. 2. When this prophecy was spoken, no event seemed more improbable. Yet within forty years it was literally fulfilled. Of the temple proper not a vestige remains. V. 4. ALL THESE THINGS—which he had predicted. V. 6. IN MY NAME—claiming to be the Messiah. V. 7. BE YE NOT TROUBLED—there will be nothing even in the last days to terrify God's people. V. 8. All these predictions were fulfilled in the time preceding the destruction of Jerusalem.

II. THE DISCIPLES TO SUFFER.—(9-13). Parallel passages, Matt. 24: 9-14; Luke 21: 12-19. V. 9. TAKE HEED TO YOURSELVES—be cautious that no man deceive you; or, do not run into unnecessary danger. COUNCILS—Jewish courts. RULERS AND KINGS—Roman officers. FOR MY SAKE—because of your attachment to me. FOR A TESTIMONY AGAINST THEM—rather, as the Revised Version has it, "unto them:" to be witnesses before them of the truth. V. 10. AMONG ALL NATIONS—this was literally fulfilled, so far as the world was then known, during the life-time of the apostles. V. 11. TAKE NO THOUGHT—have no anxiety. NEITHER DO YE PREMEDITATE—do not prepare your defence beforehand. THE HOLY GHOST—through you shall speak the right things in the right way. V. 12. All these sufferings were endured by the early Christians.

III. FLIGHT COMMANDED.—(14-20.) Parallel passages, Matt. 24: 15-22; Luke 21: 20-24. V. 14. THE ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION—generally understood to mean the eagles of the Roman standard. SPOKEN OF BY DANIEL—Dan. 9: 27; 12: 11. WHERE IT OUGHT NOT—encamped around Jerusalem. FLEE TO THE MOUNTAINS—the Christians in Judea remembered this direction and fled to Pella, over the mountains, in Perea, and were safe during all these days of horror. V. 15. HOUSETOP—flat, so that people often sat, walked and spent their nights upon them. TO TAKE ANYTHING—but flee by the shortest way and in the quickest manner. V. 18. WINTER—which would make it trying. The siege of Jerusalem began in the spring and ended before the winter. V. 20. SHORTENED—as compared with other sieges of ancient times, that of Jerusalem was very brief—only about five months. FOR THE ELECT'S SAKE—in mercy to God's believing people.

TEACHINGS:

1. Nations that dishonor God will be punished by him.
2. Men show their hatred of Christ by their hatred of his people.
3. Christians must enter the kingdom through much tribulation.
4. God directs all events for the good of his people.

REMEMBER that if you neglect your privileges they may be taken from you. Ask God to help you to improve them aright, and, while you thus pray, try to help yourself by the use of every means that he has given you. Your prayers of faith and your works of obedience must always go together.

"SET A WATCH."

BY HENRY A. PARKER.

A young girl was doing some copying for George. She had but recently begun to walk in the "new way," and was finding it a "way of pleasantness," and its paths "paths of peace." Conversation one day turned upon the harm often unconsciously done by good people who had not learned to bridle their tongues; and picking up a little card issued by the Young Men's Christian Association which lay upon the desk, she wrote around its margin those words of David which all Christians should ever keep in mind: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Five years passed, and often George looked at the words his young friend had written, and prayed earnestly that God would help him to so guard his speech that he might not dishonor his Master's cause by passing hasty and uncharitable judgment upon his neighbor, or be led into angry disputation; but he often found it to be no easy matter to be always watchful in this respect, for at times he was unconsciously led on to say things that afterward brought regrets, and re-resolves to do better.

George, at the time of the present writing, was employed in an office with a younger Christian brother, who belonged to the same church as himself. He had one day shown him an error in a piece of work upon which he was engaged, but which he immediately disputed. To every showing of George to the contrary, William insisted that his work was right as it stood, and he would not make the alteration. A warm controversy ensued, William still insisting that he was right, and that he would not make the proposed change.

Five minutes elapsed, when George, calm again, thought the matter over. It was well known by nearly all in the office that they were both professing Christians, and members of the same church. A dispute such as had happened sometimes ruptured a friendship for life. They could not afford to sever their friendship on so slight a provocation, nor show to their associates that there was no distinction between the feelings and actions of Christians and worldly people. As for himself he had tried to "show his colors" amid his daily duties, and his influence had more than once been felt. He could not let this matter rest as it was. William was wrong, and he was right; but for Christ's sake he would take the first step toward a reconciliation. And so, rising from his chair, and going to the farther end of the office, George placed his hand on William's shoulder, and said,

"Suppose we let this matter drop right where it is. We cannot afford to sever our friendship by such a trifle. Let it be between us as though nothing had happened. We should neither of us want to let an unchristian spirit be shown to those around us in the office."

It was not too hard for George to take this step, for he had been schooling himself for years in the valley of humiliation, and had learned to know what it was to "turn the other cheek also."

Oh, what bitter, unsatisfying animosities, often of years' standing, might be quickly healed by a trifling, if humiliating, concession on the part of many Christians!

William was impulsive and quick-tempered, and was often in a quarrel of words with those around him; yet he had generous impulses, and more than once had come to George and spoken of his grief at his folly. Turning to him at the present moment, he said,

"I was wrong about that. I saw it afterward, and followed your suggestion and made the alteration. I am sorry I spoke as I did."

A half-hour afterward the two were chatting together—undoubtedly to the surprise of some—as though they had never had a shade of difference. A silent battle had been fought, and a victory won. "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

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